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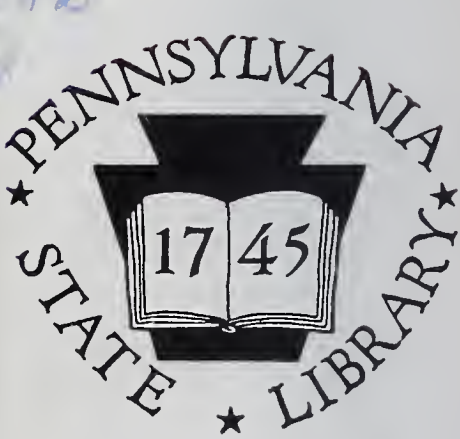

SWIFT.

While the blind loitring god is at his play
Thou stealst his golden pointed darts away.

Painted by H. Singleton *Engraved by J. Nagle Pholad.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, JR.

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LIFE OF SWIFT.

THERE are few names on the list of eminent British authors, of greater celebrity than that of Jonathan Swift. He obtained equal and the highest success both in verse and prose; and his life was marked by the most striking and peculiar incidents. His dispositions and actions have been variously represented by numerous biographers; by some who felt themselves, from their personal intimacy with him, associated to his fame, in a strain of rapturous panegyric; by others who had less selfishness and more sagacity, in mixed colours, among which the darker predominate; and by all, as he appears to our perception, more favourably than is consistent with strict truth and justice. The sentence of universal reprobation, which Dr. Johnson would seem to have been disposed to pass on his character, and which no man would have invested with more efficacy, both as to motive and language, was softened and qualified by those high-church and tory politics, of which Swift was a most active and redoubtable champion, during the greater part of his career. The Life of our Poet which was given to the world in 1814, by Walter Scott, Esq. in connection with a new edition of his works, is more substantially copious and authentic

than any other extant; but the general judgments of the Scottish biographer, for the most part encomiastic and reverential, are invalidated by the facts which he relates, and occasionally contradicted by his particular remarks. In this, as well as the other instance, the principles and efforts of Swift in public concerns, had an ingratiating influence; and there was a full share of the partiality which several causes conspire to make an editor feel for his author.

Some time after the appearance of Scott's performance, cognizance was taken of it by the Edinburgh Review.* At this tribunal, while the biographer found considerable, and, in our opinion, undue favour, in regard to his tone and management as such, his subject underwent a severe, yet fair inquisition, and Swift received, as a man and politician, the plenary condemnation so richly merited, and so long a desideratum in British literature. An attentive study of the character of Swift, in his history, of which the leading facts are universally admitted, and in his writings, where he may be best understood, has convinced us that one more detestable and scandalous, is not to be even imagined. We shall not hesitate, therefore, to adopt in the proper place, the language of the Edinburgh Review, in which he is exhibited, as he ought to be known to the world; and by which we are warranted to consider him, on the whole, rather as the opprobrium, than the boast of his native country.

Swift was born a posthumous child, in Dublin, on the 30th of November, 1669. His parents were of an honourable lineage and character, but extremely poor; and his collateral relations, though of a respectable rank in life, possessed no superfluity of fortune. For the first elements of education, he was indebted to an affectionate nurse,

* No. 53.

whose care in instructing him was so sedulous that, when five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible. One of his uncles, Godwin Swift, who had the reputation of being wealthy, took charge of his support and advancement, and placed him, at the age of six, in an endowed school of Kilkenny, from which he was transferred, at fourteen, to Trinity College, Dublin. Here he paid no regular attention to studies of any description, but read in a desultory way, so as to qualify himself rather for the part which he finally acted, as an author and a wit, than for the attainment of academical honours. When admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1686, it was in terms which implied unworthiness in the opinion of the college-examiners. He felt the disgrace, and resolved to apply himself steadily eight hours a day; a course which he pursued for several years, with signal advantage. "This part of the story," says Johnson, "well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encouragement to many men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless, by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair."

Swift was still more remarkable, at the university, by his contempt of its discipline, than for his neglect of the scholastic exercises. Walter Scott relates, in his biography, that, between the periods of the 14th of November, 1685, and the 8th of October, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties, for non-attendance at chapel, for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the evening roll-call, and for *town-haunting*. His irregularities subjected him to a public admonition, in the first instance; to the suspension of his degree; and, at length, to the humiliation of craving public pardon, on his knees, of the junior dean, towards whom he had conducted himself in an insolent and riotous

manner. His propensity and talent for satire were evidenced, in this early stage of his career, by bitter effusions levelled at the Fellows of the university.

Besides the circumstances which I have mentioned, there are some others, connected with his birth and education, which ought not to be pretermitted. He seemed, at all times, to be desirous of being thought a native of England, and represented Leicester as his birth-place, to Pope and others of his friends. He early adopted, and continued through life, the practice of observing his anniversary as one of sorrow, by reading the third chapter of the book of Job, in which the holy man deplores and execrates the day on which it was said in his father's house, "that a man-child was born." He conceived the strongest aversion for Godwin Swift, on account of the scantiness of his allowance, although he had the fullest proof, after the death of this uncle, of its being all that could possibly be afforded. His resentment was not confined to the person and memory of his benefactor, which he reviled on many occasions, but extended to all his relatives—of whom he never spoke, except in a strain of indifference or contempt. In both instances he seems to have been actuated by an unnatural despite—against Providence, for not having assigned to him, from the beginning, the happiest of lots; and against all his blood, because the desires of his youth were not gratified, even to the ruin of the particular kinsmen who generously exerted themselves to furnish it with solid advantages. His Alma Mater, the Trinity College of Dublin, became, also, an object of inveterate dislike, owing to the well deserved penalties which I have mentioned; and he took the first opportunity, at a considerable distance of time, of revenging himself, by an atrocious libel upon the college officer

whose outraged authority had been vindicated by his degradation. His parsimonious, as well as his satirical turn, betrayed itself at the university, in the manner in which he husbanded and booked the narrow stipend which he received from his uncle. "It is clear," says Scott, "that he could have accounted for every penny of his expenditure, during any year of his life, from the time of his being at college until the total decline of his faculties."

The demise of his first patron, Godwin Swift, cast him on the bounty of another uncle, who continued to defray his expenses until he reached his majority. It was then, in the year 1688, that he quitted Trinity College, in a most forlorn and untoward condition; without money, home, or the repute of scholarship; distinguished only for a spirit of insubordination and turbulence. His mother seemed his only resource; and to her residence in Leicestershire in England, he travelled on foot, living by the way on the smallest and coarsest provision. She herself was in a dependent and precarious situation, and could assist him no further than by advising him to solicit the patronage of the celebrated Sir William Temple, to whose wife she was distantly related, and in whose family one of his cousins had already resided as chaplain. The application was made, and its success laid the foundation of Swift's fortune. Temple received him as an inmate, and assigned him the functions of reader and amanuensis, with a salary of 20*l.* a year. It was some time before he was admitted to the same table, or could efface, by proofs of extraordinary talents, and a course of severe application to study, the unfavourable impressions which the insufficiency of his scholastic learning, the irritability of his temper, and the moroseness of his manners, produced in the outset. Temple became at length sensible of the extent

to which he could render himself useful, and finally gave him a large share of his confidence and society. When King William visited his old acquaintance of the Hague, Swift was permitted to be present at their confidential interviews; and on the occasion of the bill for triennial parliaments, was employed by his patron, to lay before the king, the reasons why the royal countenance should be given to the measure. His majesty is said to have offered to make Swift a captain of horse, and to have taught him an art which he afterwards compelled his guests in Ireland to practice, that of eating asparagus, the Dutch way,—stalks and all.

Under the auspices of Temple, our poet obtained a master's degree at Oxford in 1692, and formed an acquaintance with some of the most eminent wits and politicians of the age. His aspiring and restless character did not allow him to remain at ease, even in the relations in which he now found himself placed with Sir William. The impatience which he expressed for preferment and a larger income, appeared to the latter as evidence of ingratitude, and led to a rupture and separation. Swift proceeded to Ireland to seek admittance into church, on which he had cast his eye as a lucrative profession; but on applying for orders to the bishops, he was told that he must produce testimonials of his good conduct during his residence with Temple. After some hesitation, he wrote a penitential and supplicatory letter to Sir William, which proved successful; though we must believe, that the abjectness of the tone could not have failed to raise disdain in so perspicacious and elevated a mind. His placable benefactor went further even than was requested. He procured for him, on his taking orders in 1695, an Irish prebend, worth about 100*l.* sterling a year. To this living, Swift retired to act the part of a country clergyman. After a short trial, he renounced a

mode of existence so little congenial with his disposition, and returned to Temple, who, having become more sensible of the value, by the privation, of his services, willingly reinstated him in his post of confidential secretary, and buried in oblivion the causes of their estrangement.

Their renewed union terminated only with the death of the illustrious diplomatist, which happened in 1699. Swift maintained himself in favour by important offices, which great humility of carriage and profusion of incense served to render the more effectual. He wrote one of the best of his prose works—the Battle of the Books—to support Temple in the controversy with Wotton and Bentley, concerning the superiority of antient or modern learning, and most skilfully exalted his patron above all his contemporaries. The Tale of a Tub, which he is alleged, but without proof, to have sketched at Trinity College, certainly engaged much of his attention at this period, and is acknowledged on all hands to have been prepared for publication during the last year of Temple's life. It is highly probable that he received, in the composition of it, some material assistance from this fine genius, and erudite writer. The conjecture, if admitted, would solve the difficulty raised by the following just remarks of Johnson. "Swift's Tale of a Tub has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed or never exerted. What is true of that is not true of any thing else which he has written."

While under the roof of Temple, Swift exercised himself constantly in writing poetry as well as prose. His Pindaric Odes convey no favourable idea of the excellence of his vein at this period, but very clear proof of his readiness to flatter his host. We have inserted one of them in this collec-

tion, merely as a specimen of his early efforts. It is said that he communicated them to Dryden, who observed at once—"cousin Swift, you will never be a poet,"—and that this unwelcome prediction is the sole cause of the indignities heaped upon the memory of Dryden in the Tale of a Tub, and the Battle of the Books. "The recollection of his contemned odes," says Scott,* "still rankled in Swift's bosom, though Dryden died four years before the publication of the Tale of a Tub."

Johnson relates that Swift, during his residence with Temple used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. "He travelled," adds the biographer "on foot, and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity; some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling."

Sir William Temple was not, in making his will, unmindful of the services of his secretary. He bequeathed to him, a sum of money, and what might have appeared of much greater consequence, his literary remains. The literary executor of so great a personage, chosen by himself, attracted of course, the attention and consideration of the numerous friends and admirers of the deceased. Swift did not neglect his office, but carefully edited the works of his patron, and dedicated them to King William. He had the mortification, however, of finding himself wholly neglected by William; a circumstance which is usually made to account for the harshness with which he treated the memory of that monarch, notwithstanding his professions of attachment to the principles of the revolution of 1688.

* Vol. xi. of Swift's Works.

Wearied of fruitless attendance at court, he accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, to accompany him to that country, in the double capacity of chaplain and private secretary. Another individual in the train of the Earl, contrived to supplant him in the last of those offices, and the resentment which this injustice excited, drove him into measures of hostility. He took immediate revenge upon the Lord Justice himself, by a bitter lampoon, which awakened the object of it, to a sense of the danger, of an open and lasting breach, with a man of his formidable temper and talents. As a propitiation, Berkeley presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, yielding together, about 230*l.* yearly. Another Irish living was added, not long after, to these; so as to provide him with a permanent annual income of near 400*l.* equivalent to at least 1200*l.* at the present time. There was an extraordinary degree of good fortune, in the speedy acquisition of so ample a fund of subsistence, under all the circumstances in which our poet set out in life. But of this he never appeared sensible; nor, perhaps, did he allow himself to perceive, that he owed his preferment to the dread entertained of his powers of satire. Whatever he obtained at any time, not excepting even the favours conferred on him by Sir William Temple, may be traced to the same cause.

In the quality of chaplain, Swift continued to reside with the family of Berkeley, of which the ladies are represented as of a most accomplished and fascinating character. He cultivated their good graces with particular assiduity, and contributed to their amusement by numerous poetical jeux d'esprit, that comprise some of his happiest efforts. Of the number, are the inimitable petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, and the verses on Miss Floyd. It being

necessary at length that he should take possession of his living at Laracor, he repaired thither in 1700, and resumed the habits of a country clergyman. His biographers concur in relating, that he performed all the functions of his station with decorum and exactness; though they do not venture absolutely to deny, the truth of the following anecdote, told by Lord Orrery in his "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift." "When Swift went to reside at Laracor, he gave public notice to his Parishioners, that he would read prayers on every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday, the bell was rung, and the Rector attended at his desk; when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself—'*Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.*' And then proceeded regularly through the whole service."* This irreverend jest does not redound to the credit of his evangelical dispositions, any more than the statement which we have upon the same authority —that he was perpetually making distant excursions from Laracor, on errands wholly unconnected with his clerical office.

As the pupil of Sir William Temple, Swift was originally a whig in politics; the friends of his patron formed his first connexions; to them he professed to be inseparably attached. After his retreat to Laracor, he still looked anxiously to the political world, on which he built his towering hopes of church preferment; and in 1701, when Lords Somers, Oxford, Halifax, and Portland, were impeached by the House of Commons, he published anonymously to serve their interests, the pamphlet entitled "A Discourse on the Contests and Discussions between

* Page 31.

the Nobles and Commons in Athens." It was attributed for some time to Lord Somers, and afterwards to Bishop Burnet, who was compelled to disown it publicly, in order to avoid the resentment of the House of Commons. Upon Swift's visit to England, in 1702, the same prudential reasons for secrecy no longer remained: he avowed himself, without hesitation, the author of the tract, and became at once intimate with Somers and Halifax.

His life was now varied by frequent excursions to England, and dignified by a ready reception into the society of the great and the learned. He formed that invaluable acquaintance with Addison which party spirit afterwards cooled; with Steele, with Arbuthnot, and with the other wits of the age, who used to assemble at Button's Coffee-house. This intercourse was cemented by the appearance of that celebrated work, The Tale of a Tub, which was first published in 1704. It was written with a view to the interests of the high church party, and it succeeded in rendering them the most important services; it gained the laughers to their side. Many of the graver clergy, even among the tories, were highly scandalized at the licentiousness of the satire; nor is there any doubt that the offence thus given proved the real bar to Swift's attaining the highest dignities in the church. The Tale of the Tub, from its tendency to bring the Christian religion itself into contempt, was hailed with joy by the infidel philosophers on the continent, and was recommended by Voltaire to his disciples, as well calculated to advance the cause of scepticism.

In 1708, Swift was deputed to London on business of the Irish Church. The powers which had acquired for him his new friends and high station in society, were taxed for the support and enlargement of his fame. In that year, he published his several tracts, entitled, The Sentiments of a Church of England man; The Argument against abolishing

Christianity; and the Defence of the Sacramental Test. He also carried on his humorous war against Astrology, under the name of Bickerstaff. The attention paid to the papers published under this *nom de guerre*, induced Steele, when he projected the Tatler, to assume the same appellation.

During this visit to the metropolis, Swift was not negligent of his own interest. Considering himself as useless in Ireland, "in a parish of half a score," he was willing to accept the post of Secretary of embassy, had Lord Berkeley gone as Ambassador to Vienna, as was proposed. But this purpose was defeated by Lord Berkeley's age and infirmities, which did not permit him to undertake the office. There was also a plan suggested, perhaps by Colonel Hunter, Governor of Virginia, to send out Dr. Swift as Bishop of that Province, to exercise a sort of Metropolitan authority over the Colonial Clergy. Dissatisfied with receiving only compliments, promises, and personal attentions, he returned to Ireland early in the summer of 1709, and estranging himself from the court of the Lord Lieutenant, resumed his wonted mode of life at Laracor.

In 1710, he was again sent to London, with a commission from the established clergy of Ireland. Smarting with the neglect which he imagined he had experienced from the whig administration, he connected himself at once with the leaders of the antagonist party. He addressed himself to Harley, whose situation and designs were such as made him glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service. He was, therefore, admitted to familiarity, but whether to absolute confidence, is a matter of controversy among the English writers. By Harley, he was introduced to St. John, (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke,) with whom he speedily established the most intimate relations.

The first and most urgent point in which they

required his assistance, was the conduct of the Examiner, a periodical paper which St. John himself, Prior, Dr. Friend, King, and other writers, had instituted as the organ of the tory ministry. Swift undertook, and continued to conduct it, for seven months, during which he supplied thirty-three papers, not more remarkable for their vigour and effect, than for the virulence of their invective against his first friends and idols, Somers, Sunderland, &c.

The formation of the "Society of Brothers," consisting of men of the first rank and most eminent talents among the tories, was accomplished under his auspices. It was by their assistance, that he hoped to carry through, a plan which he meditated, for limiting and fixing the English Tongue, by a general standard, to be ascertained by a society resembling the French Academy. In pursuance of this plan, he published, in 1712, A Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue, in a letter to the Earl of Oxford. It received no very flattering welcome from the public, and was soon forgotten.

Swift availed himself of the political influence which he obtained, to assist and bring forward those who cultivated literature with success. Pope received from him that warm and effectual support which is acknowledged in the preface to the Iliad, and in this way was laid the foundation of that close friendship which lasted until the conclusion of their lives. He rendered important service to Parnell, Gay, Berkeley, Prior, and Rowe.

It was in 1712, that our author attained the zenith of his political importance. The very existence of Harley's administration depended upon the possibility of making a peace with France. The mind of the public was, therefore, to be prepared for such terms as France might be induced to grant; and upon Swift devolved the task of turning the

tide of public opinion, which the splendid victories and popularity of Marlborough had set in favour of the continuation of the war. While the question of peace or war, was depending before Parliament, Swift published his tract on "the conduct of the Allies," and obtained a complete triumph. Four editions were devoured in the space of a week, and perhaps no production of the kind ever excited so strong a sensation, or wrought so prompt a change of public sentiment. It was the text book from which the ministerial members in the House of Commons, quoted their facts and drew their arguments; while the whigs, on the contrary, in the House of Lords, where they had acquired an ascendancy, threatened to bring the author to the bar. He was denounced by Walpole and Aislabie, in their places; but the ministers did not hesitate to employ his pen at the same moment, in drawing up the celebrated Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation, and the subsequent address of thanks to the Queen. In the same year, he published his "Reflections on the Barrier Treaty," as a sequel to the first pamphlet.

The stress which the ministers appeared to lay on his aid, the familiar intercourse which he enjoyed with them, and the deference with which these circumstances and the dread of his powers of satire, occasioned him to be treated even by personages of the first rank and consequence, overpowered his judgment in a degree, and betrayed him into some ridiculous airs of superiority. Among the number may be mentioned the sending a prime minister into the House of Commons to call out the first Secretary of State, only to let him know that he would not dine with him, if he dined late; the insisting that Dukes and Dutchesses, and the women of fashion in general, should pay him the first visit, &c. But while he was gratified in these whims, and enjoyed so ample a power over the fortune of others,

his own, to the surprise of the public, and to his bitter disappointment, remained entirely stationary. He seems to have imputed for a time, the delay of his advancement, to the habits of procrastination peculiar to Harley; and to an unwillingness on the part of the ministry to raise him to such a situation in the church, as might limit his opportunities of affording them assistance in their politics. But there was a lion in their path; and the ministers had not power to gratify his wishes. The real obstacle was the prejudice which Queen Anne entertained against him—a prejudice raised by her spiritual counsellors, and confirmed by one of her female confidants whom he had lampooned. He remained like a champion in a tale of knight-errantry, when, having surmounted all apparent difficulties, an invisible, but irresistible force prevents him from the full accomplishment of the adventure.

At length he began to feel that his situation was awkward, and became desirous either of receiving some preferment, suited to the figure which he had made in public life, or of retiring to Ireland at the risk of sacrificing all hope of preferment and encountering what he equally dreaded, the condolence of those who might affect to pity him. During his hesitation as to this alternative, three Irish Deaneries happened to become vacant. On being informed that the warrant for them was filled up without mention of his name, he immediately announced to the lord treasurer, his positive purpose of retiring. Thus pressed, Oxford, with the concurrence of the Duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, proposed that the incumbent of the Deanery of St. Patrick's should be translated to a bishopric, in order to vacate the Deanery for Swift. The plan succeeded with the Queen; the warrant for the living was signed on the 23d February, 1713; and, in June following, Swift set out for Ireland to take possession of a preferment which he always

professed to consider as at best an honourable exile.

But he was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who had begun to view one another with a malevolence which every day increased, and which Bolingbroke ever retained. Swift contrived an interview from which they both departed in discontent; he procured a second, which only convinced him that the feud was incurable; he told them his opinion that all was lost: This denunciation was contradicted by Oxford; but Bolingbroke whispered that he was right.

Not long after his arrival in London, Swift published "The public Spirit of the Whigs" in answer to "The Crisis," a tract for which Steele was expelled the House of Commons. In Swift's pamphlet, the Scotch were mentioned in terms so provoking to that nation, that resolving "not to be offended with impunity," the Scotch lords in a body demanded an audience of the Queen, and solicited reparation. A proclamation was issued, in which three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the author. No one was in doubt as to the real author; but Swift, conscious of the protection of Oxford, exhibited no symptoms of alarm, though shunned by many of his former friends. Oxford, in fact, skreened him effectually, and the matter was soon consigned to oblivion.

The favour of Swift with the ministry, appears to have been greater at this time, than ever, and most of the Irish affairs of consequence were determined by his advice and assistance. It was the general opinion that he would soon be promoted to a bishop's see; but the dissentions of his patrons put a speedy end to his hopes and importance. He foresaw their immediate downfall, and retired into Berkshire, where, in the house of a friend, he wrote

what was then suppressed, but afterwards appeared under the title of "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs." In this treatise, he gave a counsel to the ministry, which, if followed, would, probably, have led to a civil war. The death of Queen Anne broke down at once the whole system of Tory politics, and our author withdrew without delay to Ireland, where he had a wretched reception. His biographers relate, that libels on libels were showered upon him as a jacobite; that he was pelted by the rabble, and insulted by the young men of rank.

He soon, however, ceased to be an object of attention for the public, and became one of the utmost interest for a circle of friends, of whom Dr. Sheridan and Dr. Delany, whose names are so largely connected with his verses, were the most devoted. For the sake of economy, he boarded with a clergyman of his cathedral; and only dined two days of the week at his Deanery, when his acquaintance were admitted to his table. During all his life there was a struggle between his parsimony and his pride, which led sometimes to instances of very ridiculous accuracy in adjusting his conduct, so as to compound matters between those impulses. The story of his giving Pope and Gay, in London, after a narrow calculation of what a supper would have cost him, half a crown a piece for the expense which they had spared him in coming after they had supped, is an excellent example. Delany informs us, that, in like manner, when Lady Eustace, or other women of rank, dined at the Deanery, Swift allowed them a shilling a head to provide their own entertainment, and used to struggle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he called Miss Eustace, afterwards the wife of the poet Tickell.

The Dean of St. Patrick's continued to lead a life altogether private, until the year 1720. His atten-

tion was then attracted to the oppression which England exercised over Ireland, in relation to manufactures; and he took the bold step of publishing a pamphlet, the purport of which may be known by its title—"A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures, &c. utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England." Through the influence of the government, it was presented by a grand jury as a seditious libel, and the printer imprisoned and tried, but finally liberated without further injury. The prosecution drew the notice and favour of the Irish public to the author of the "Proposal."

His opposition to Wood's project raised him at once to the summit of popularity, and forms one of the most remarkable points in his history. There being a deficiency of copper coinage in Ireland, the king, in 1723, granted to William Wood, upon certain conditions, the patent right of coining halfpence and farthings to the extent of 108,000*l.* to be current in that kingdom. Abstractedly, there could be no objection to this mode of supplying the want of copper, provided the coinage was of proper weight and quality. But the patent had been obtained in what may be termed a surreptitious manner, by means of the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I. to whom Wood had promised a share of the profits. It was passed without consulting either the Lord Lieutenant or the Privy Council of Ireland; and, in devolving upon an obscure individual, the right of exercising one of the highest privileges of the crown, the dignity of the kingdom was disgracefully compromised. The Irish Parliament felt the insult and caught the alarm. In the midst of the ferment, Swift put forth the celebrated *Drapier's Letters*, strong in argument, brilliant in humour, and almost unequalled in address. The public indignation excited against Wood's patent by the tenor and tone of these let-

ters, was without bounds. Swift, finding the people in a disposition so favourable for the maintenance of their rights, did not suffer their zeal to cool for want of fuel. Not satisfied with writing pamphlets and ballads, he preached, on the subject of Woods half-pence. One of his sermons is preserved, and bears the title "On doing Good." It verifies his own account, that he preached not sermons, but political pamphlets.

Harding, the printer of the Drapier's Letters, was thrown into prison, and a prosecution directed against him at the instance of the crown. Swift, confident in the merit of his cause, and in the support of the people, was not to be appalled by this menacing procedure. He went to the levee of the lord lieutenant, burst through the circle with which he was surrounded, and, in a firm and stern voice, demanded of Lord Carteret the meaning of those severities against a poor industrious tradesman, who had published two or three papers designed for the good of his country. Carteret, to whom Swift was well-known, and who could have no doubt of his being the author of the Drapier's Letters, evaded the expostulation by an apt and elegant quotation from Virgil,

> Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt
> Moliri———

Carteret, with the skill of a thorough bred courtier, trimmed between the danger of offending the English ministry, and that of breaking with Swift, whose influence, as well as his talents, were not a little to be dreaded. Carteret was distinguished by a readiness of wit, with which he could retort and parry even the attacks of Swift, as the classical instance just given testifies. It is said that, about the time when the proclamation was abroad against the Drapier's fourth letter, the Dean visited the castle, and having waited for some time without

seeing the Lord Lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience, these lines:

> My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task
> For a man to wait here, who has nothing to ask.

Under which, Carteret wrote the following reply.

> My very good Dean, there are few who come here,
> But have something to ask, or a something to fear.

The government was finally compelled to yield to the storm. Wood's patent was surrendered, and the patentee indemnified by a grant of 3000*l.* yearly for twelve years. The eyes of the kingdom were now universally turned upon the man by whose boldness and talents this triumph was accomplished. The Drapier became the oracle of the traders and the idol of the rabble; his head became a sign; his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, struck upon medals, and displayed in every possible manner, as that of the liberator of Ireland. The slightest idea of personal danger to *the Dean*, for, by that title he was generally distinguished—aroused a whole district in his defence; and when on one occasion, Walpole meditated his arrest, his proposal was checked by a prudent friend, who enquired, if he could spare ten thousand soldiers to guard the messenger who should undertake so perilous a commission.

On the termination of Wood's affair, Swift's chief literary employment was the amending and transcribing Gulliver's Travels. Having completed this celebrated work, he resolved, for the first time, since the death of Queen Anne, to revisit England; a purpose which he accomplished in the spring of 1726. Bolingbroke, now returned from his exile, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, and other old

friends, received him with open arms. Amongst these friends, Pope, although not by any means the oldest, appears gradually to have become the most intimate. The Dean resided chiefly in his house at Twickenham.

At this period, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. and his consort, the Princess Caroline, kept a sort of court at Leicester-House and were endeavouring to form an interest separate from that of the king and his minister. Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, were frequent and assiduous attendants at this little court. Their immediate protectress was not, however, the princess, but the celebrated Mrs. Howard who filled the two-fold situation of confidante of Caroline and mistress of the Prince. Swift joined his friends in frequenting Leicester-House, was received with equal graciousness by the Princess, and even out-stripped them in devotion and compliment to Mrs. Howard: But, as Johnson remarks, his flatteries were, like those of other wits, unsuccessful; the lady either wanted real influence, or had no ambition of poetical immortality.

The celebrated Travels of Gulliver were now given to the world. This work was received with incredible avidity; it was read by all ranks; by the learned and the illiterate. Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes; it offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life; low and coarse incident to the vulgar; marvels to the romantic; wit to the young; lessons of morality and policy to the grave: and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition. Criticism was, for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment could be applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinction came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that

which gave most disgust, was the history of the Houyhnhnms. This last is, indeed, thoroughly detestable; the most odious and bitter libel upon human nature that has ever been produced. In the voyages to Lilliput and Brobdignag, Swift has contrived to give a wonderful air of reality to the most improbable events; an air derived chiefly from the character and style of the hero. The highest praise perhaps, that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, the King died, and he kissed the hands of the new King and Queen, his hosts of Leicester House, three days after their accession. But though received by the Queen with the usual marks of favour, he was left without promotion, and to the bitter mortification of seeing his enemies triumph in the disappointment of his manifest hopes.

In the month of October 1727, he was called back to Ireland by a peculiar and most unhappy state of domestic affairs, of which it is time to give some explanation. We shall, on this head, adopt in part, the narrative and reflections of the Edinburgh Review, which are fully justified by the details of Mr. Scott's biography.

By far the most characteristic, and at the same time, the most discreditable portion, of Swift's history, is that which relates to his connexion with the three unfortunate women whose happiness he ruined, and whose reputation he contributed to destroy. We say the three women, for though *Varina* was cast off before he had fame or practice enough in composition, to celebrate her in song like *Stella* or *Vanessa*, her injuries seem to have been nearly as great, and altogether as unpardonable, as those of the other two. Soon after leaving college, he appears to have formed, or at best professed, an at-

tachment to Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of a fellow student; to whom his assiduities seem to have rendered him acceptable, and with whom he corresponded for a series of years, giving her the name of *Varina*. There appears to be but two letters of the correspondence preserved, one in the height of his passion, and the other in its decline. The first is dated in 1696, and is chiefly distinguished for its extreme stupidity, though it is full enough of love and lamentation. The lady, it seems, had long before confessed a mutual flame; but prudential considerations made her averse to an immediate union; upon which the lover raves and complains in most deplorable sentences. Notwithstanding many tragic denunciations, he neither died, nor married, nor broke off the connexion for four years thereafter; in the latter part of which term, having been presented with two livings in Ireland, worth nearly 400*l.* a year, the lady seems to have been reduced to remind him of his former impatience, and fairly to ask him, whether his affections had suffered any alteration. His answer to this appeal is contained in the second letter, and is, we think, one of the most complete patterns of meanness and selfishness we have ever encountered. The truth undoubtedly was, that his affections were estranged, and had settled by this time on the unfortunate Stella. But, instead of fairly avowing the fact, or fulfilling his engagements, he thought fit to write in a most frigid and insolent strain, undervaluing her person and fortune, and finding fault with her humour, and yet pretending that if she would only comply with certain conditions, he might still be persuaded to venture upon matrimony with her. The lady as was to be expected, broke off all correspondence after such an address, and what became of her is no where explained. The fate of his next victim is at least more notorious.

Esther Johnson, better known to the readers of Swift's works by the name of Stella, was the child of a London merchant, who died in her infancy; when she went with her mother, who was a friend of Sir William Temple's sister, to reside at Moorpark, where Swift was then domesticated. Some part of the charge of her education devolved upon him, and though he was twenty years her senior, the interest with which he regarded her, appears to have ripened into something as much like affection as could find a place in his selfish bosom. Soon after Sir William's death, he obtained his Irish living, besides a legacy of some magnitude, and as she had a small independence of her own, it is obvious, that there was nothing to prevent their honourable and immediate union. Some cold blooded vanity or ambition, however, or some politic anticipation of his own possible inconstancy, deterred him from this onward and open course, and led him to an arrangement which was dishonourable and absurd in the beginning, and in the end, productive of the most accumulated misery. He prevailed upon her to remove her residence from the bosom of her own family in England, to his immediate neighbourhood in Ireland, where she took lodgings with an elderly companion, of the name of Mrs. Dingley, avowedly for the sake of his society and protection, and on a footing of intimacy so very strange and unprecedented, that whenever he left his parsonage house for England or Dublin, these ladies immediately took possession, and occupied it till he came back.

A situation so extraordinary and undefined, was liable of course to a thousand misconstructions; and must have been felt as degrading by any woman of sense and delicacy. And accordingly, though the master of this Platonic seraglio seems to have used all manner of paltry and insulting practices, to protect a reputation which he had no right to bring

into question,—by never seeing her except in the presence of Mrs. Dingley, and never sleeping under the same roof with her,—it is certain, both that the connexion was regarded as indecorous by persons of her own sex, and that she felt it to be humiliating and improper. Accordingly, within two years after her settlement in Ireland, it appears that she encouraged the addresses of a clergyman named Tisdall, between whom and Swift there was a considerable intimacy; and that she would have married him, and thus sacrificed her earliest attachment to her freedom and her honour, had she not been prevented by the private dissuasions of that false friend, who did not choose to give up his own claims to her, although he had not the heart or the honour to make her lawfully his own. She was then a blooming beauty, of little more than twenty, with fine black hair, delicate features, and a playful and affectionate character. It seems doubtful to us, whether she originally felt for Swift any thing that could properly be called love—and her willingness to marry another in the first days of their connection, seems almost decisive on the subject: But the ascendency he had acquired over her mind, and her long habit of submitting her own judgment and inclinations to his, gave him at least an equal power over her, and moulded her pliant affections into too deep and exclusive a devotion. Even before his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, it is utterly impossible to devise any apology for his not marying her, or allowing her to marry another; the only one that he ever appears to have stated himself, viz. the want of a sufficient fortune to sustain the expenses of matrimony, being palpably absurd in the mouth of a man born to nothing, and already more wealthy than nine-tenths of his order: But after he obtained that additional preferment, and was ranked among the well beneficed dignitaries of the establishment, it was plainly

an insult upon common sense to pretend, that it was the want of money that prevented him from fulfilling his engagements. Stella was then twenty-seven, and he near forty-five; and both had hitherto lived very far within an income that was now more than doubled. That she now expected to be made his wife, appears from the pains he takes in the Journal addressed to her from London, indirectly to destroy that expectation; and though the awe in which he habitually kept her, probably prevented her either from complaining, or inquiring into the cause, it is certain that a new attachment, as heartless, as unprincipled, and as fatal in its consequences as either of the others, was at the bottom of this cruel and unpardonable proceeding.

During his residence in London, from 1710 to 1712, he had leisure in the intervals of his political labours, to form the acquaintance of Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, whose unfortunate love he has recorded with no great delicacy, under the name of Vanessa. This young lady, then only in her twentieth year, joined to all the attractions of youth, fashion, and elegance, the still more dangerous gifts of a lively imagination, a confiding temper, and a capacity of strong and permanent affection. Swift, regardless of the ties which bound him to Stella, allowed himself to be engaged by those qualities; and, without explaining the nature of those ties to his new idol, strove by his assiduities to obtain a return of affection.

While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much, doubtless, of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. Miss Vanhomrigh, ignorant of the peculiar relations in which he stood with another, suffered her heart to be gradually won, and gave way to the hope of forming an union with a man whose talents and attentions seemed to

warrant this conduct. She unveiled to him the state of her affections, and though he offered no more in requital than a devoted and everlasting friendship, he did not take the open and manly course of avowing his engagements with Stella. Vanessa seems to have been neither contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, and persisted in endeavouring to produce a more lively sensibility to her passion.

Upon Swift's return to Ireland, we may guess at the disturbed state of his feelings, wounded at once by baffled ambition, and harassed by his affection being divided between two objects. So soon as he was settled at the deanery, his first care was to secure lodgings for Mrs. Dingley and Stella, upon Ormond's Quay, the other side of the Liffy, and he resumed with the same guarded caution, the intercourse which had formerly existed between them. But circumstances quickly compelled him to give that connexion a more definite character.

The mother of Vanessa died soon after, in London, and having left a small property in Ireland, the daughter availed herself of the excuse which it afforded, to visit that kingdom. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin excited the apprehension of Swift, and the jealousy of Stella. He was alive to all the hazard of continuing his intimacy with the former, but the means of avoiding it were no longer in his power. The marks of regard which her presence and importunity compelled him to bestow on her, had nearly proved fatal to Stella. Her health began visibly to decline under a fixed depression of spirits; and when interrogated as to the cause of her melancholy, she gave the answer which his conscience must have anticipated. To convince her, she added, of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one expedient. To this communication Swift replied, that he was willing to go through

the ceremony of marriage for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, provided it should remain a profound secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as before. To these hard terms, she subscribed. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716. Immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Dr. Delany, being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question."—Swift secluded himself from society for some days. When he reappeared, his intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley was re-established upon the same footing of caution.

After his marriage with Stella, he seems to have been doubly anxious to moderate and divert the passion of Vanessa. He introduced suitors to her, whose proposals, however, she rejected in the most peremptory manner. At length, about the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to a house and property near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless love. Until the year 1720, Swift would appear not to have seen her in her new residence, but, after that period, he paid her frequent visits there, and renewed their first converse. Becoming impatient, at length, of the situation in which she found herself, she determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of an union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had so long

clung. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, and to this lady herself she ventured to write, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the dean; and, full of resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him, as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of a Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, rode instantly to Celbridge. As he entered her apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask him to be seated. He answered her civility, by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she found only her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. How long she survived the interview is uncertain, but the term does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks. In the meanwhile, she revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and settled her fortune, which was considerable, upon a Mr. Marshall, and Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated philosopher, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

Upon her death, Swift, in an agony of self-reproach and remorse, retreated into the South of Ireland, where he spent two months, without the place of his abode being known to any one. When he returned to Dublin, Stella was easily persuaded to forgive him, judging, probably, that the anguish he had sustained, was a sufficient expiation for an offence which was now irremediable.

But this other victim gradually sunk under the sorrows of her situation. When Swift arrived in

Ireland, in 1727, Stella was on the verge of the grave. For six months, she had been only supported by constant medical attendance. As she found her dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift, in the most earnest and pathetic terms, to grant her dying request—"That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after her death, he would let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife." Swift made no reply, but turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and on the 28th of January, 1728, she closed her weary pilgrimage.

After her death Swift's temper became still more irascible and his maladies more severe; but he applied himself vigorously to the public affairs of Ireland, and wrote a number of pieces both in verse and prose, of the greatest efficacy. Nothing fell from his pen in vain. In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with hatred, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettesworth, a lawyer obnoxious to the clergy; which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt. Bettesworth enraged at his disgrace and loss, went to Swift, and demanded whether he was the author of that poem. "Mr. Bettesworth," answered he, "I was, in my youth, acquainted with great lawyers, who knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that if any scoundrel or blockhead, whom I had lampooned, should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper,' I should tell him, that I was not the author, and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines." Bettesworth was so little satisfied with this account that

he threatened publicly a violent corporal revenge, but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district, embodied themselves in the Dean's defence. Bettesworth declared in parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year.

Between the years 1730, and 1735, our author produced some of his best pieces of poetry. The Rhapsody on Poetry, which contains perhaps a more powerful poetical expression, than any of his other compositions, is dated 1733, and the celebrated verses on his own death, were probably written about 1730, or 1731. These were sent to the press through the medium of Dr. King, and he seems also to have meditated the publication of his well known Instructions to Servants, on which, though the work exists as a fragment, he had bestowed much pains and observation. He was wonderfully minute in observing his own servants and even those of others. It is related that he told Lord Orrery one day, that the domestic who waited on them at table, had committed fifteen faults during the time of dinner.

The Dean's frame was now gradually giving way under the pressure of age, and recurring fits of deafness and giddiness, with which he had been afflicted from his youth. His judgment and powers of thought revived in the intervals of his disorder; but his memory became imperfect, and his temper subject to frantic fits of passion, upon slight provocation. These inroads upon his faculties were precursors of the final disorder, whose approach he had long dreaded. So early as 1717 we are informed by Dr. Young, that while walking with Swift about a mile out of Dublin, the Dean stopped short—" We passed on", says the author of the Night Thoughts, " but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches, was much with-

ered and decayed. Pointing at it he said, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top"! Orrery also informs us, that when the Dean, in conversation, dwelt upon the period of mental imbecility which closed the lives of Somers, Marlborough, and other distinguished cotemporaries, it was never without a deep and anxious presage of his own fate. It would be in vain to inquire whether this awful foreboding, becoming more terrible, as its accomplishment approached nearer, influenced Swift in the disposal of his fortune; the whole of which he appropriated by his will, to the erection and endowment of a hospital for idiots and lunatics.

The last scene was now rapidly approaching and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736, he could neither enjoy conversation nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading.

In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs. Whiteway, his cousin; and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him. The only act of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice aweek at the Deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions staid in the room.

His meat which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

In October, 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons prevented him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterward, he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed upon to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water.

After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—"It is all folly, they had better let it alone."

He was sometimes visited by Mr. Deane Swift, a

relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway, the house-keeper, immediately said, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?" To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do, when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say "you will ruin me in wine." Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months after this, upon his house-keeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am;" and in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year, 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool." Once afterward, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "bring it here;" and when the servant was breaking a large coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October, 1745; and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth of his age.

Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made; of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eye-brows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never seen to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well known lines of Shakspeare.

In youth, he was reckoned handsome, and in old

age, his countenance conveyed an expression which, though severe, was noble and impressive. He spoke in public with facility and energy; and as his talents for ready reply were so well calculated for political debate, it must have increased the mortification of Queen Anne's ministers, that they found themselves unable to secure him a seat on the bench of bishops. The government of Ireland dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen.

His manners in society were, in his better days, free, lively, and engaging, not devoid of peculiarities, but adapted so well to circumstances, that his company was universally courted.

His powers of conversation and of humorous repartee, were in his time regarded as unrivalled; but like most men who have assumed a despotical sway in conversation, he was sometimes silenced by unexpected resistance. He was very fond of puns. Perhaps the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down with her mantua a Cremona fiddle, is the best that ever was made:

Mantua, væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

His learning seems to have been both extensive and useful, but not profoundly scholastic. He spoke and wrote French with facility, and understood Italian. His Latin verses indicate but an imperfect knowledge of prosody, and no great command of the language in which they are written.

It is seldom that Swift alludes to English literature, yet it is evident he had perused with attention those classics to which his name is now added.

It appears from a note in Mr. Todd's edition of Milton, that Swift was a peruser of the ancient romances of chivalry. But he never mentions the romances and plays of the period in which he lived, without expressing the most emphatic contempt. To the drama, particularly, he was so indifferent, that he never once alludes to the writings of Shak-

speare, nor, wonderful to be told, does he appear to have possessed a copy of his works. History and classical authors formed the Dean's favourite studies, and during the decay of his faculties, his reading was almost entirely confined to Clarendon.

As a poet, Swift's post is pre-eminent in the sort of poetry which he cultivated. He never attempted any species of composition, in which either the sublime or pathetic was required of him. But, in every department of poetry where wit is necessary, he displayed, as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire, or the lambent meteor-like coruscations of frolicsome humour. His powers of versification are admirably adapted to his favourite subjects. Rhyme, which is a handcuff to an inferior poet, he who is master of his art wears as a bracelet. Swift was of the latter description; his lines fall as easily into the best grammatical arrangement, and the most simple and forcible expression, as if he had been writing in prose. In respect of matter, Swift seldom elevates his tone above a satirical diatribe, a moral lesson, or a poem on manners; but the former are unrivalled in severity, and the latter in ease. Sometimes, however, the intensity of his satire gives to his poetry a character of emphatic violence, which borders upon grandeur. This is peculiarly distinguishable in the Rhapsody on Poetry. Yet this grandeur is founded, not on sublimity either of conception or expression, but upon the energy of both; and indicates rather ardour of temper, than power of imagination. *Facit indignatio versus.* The elevation of tone arises from the strong mood of passion rather than from poetical fancy. Cadenus and Vanessa may be considered as Swift's *chef-d'œuvre,* in that class of poems which is not professedly satirical.

MISCELLANIES.

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WRITTEN AT MOOR-PARK IN JUNE 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till, its first emperor, rebellious man,
Depos'd from off his seat,
It fell and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life, in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools;
For learning's mighty treasures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
she died.
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priest, her train, and followers show
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius's fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,

But you by peace.*
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss, or victory, a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widow's tears, nor orphan's cries.
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those juggler's tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,

* Sir William Temple was ambassador to the States of Holland, and had a principal share in the negotiations which preceded the treaty of Nimeguen, 1679.

(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly)
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow, and how gross the cheat:
Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states;
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scar'd at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little mouse, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse!
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!

'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite;
Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.*

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain,
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whenc'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight,
These are the paradises of her own:
Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'r so gently led,
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violent o'er his usual course.

* Sir William Temple, disgusted with the arbitrary measures adopted in the last year of Charles II.'s reign, retired to Moor-Park, with a resolution never again to engage in public business. Nor did the favour he enjoyed with King William, on his being solicited to be a secretary of state after the revolution, induce him to change his resolution.

Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town!
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see,
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upward fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade;
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,

And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy:
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 1693.

(As the following verses are of a consolatory turn, they would seem to have been written after the representation of Congreve's second play, the Double Dealer, which was acted in 1693—4, and appears, from some passages in the dedication, to have been less favourably treated by the critics than the Old Bachelor. Swift's attachment to Congreve continued sincerely ardent, even after politics had severed them. His intercession with the Lord-Treasurer was the means of Congreve's retaining his offices under the Tory administration.]

THRICE, with a prophet's voice, and prophet's pow'r,
The Muse was called in a poetic hour,

And insolently thrice, the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in spirits divine,
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine:
Once highly honour'd! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungen'rous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and lov'd, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endur'd such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a east mistress to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practice such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the muse severe unkindly blame
This off'ring long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit fore'd her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt.

Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Soft'ning the Muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight,
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.

Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild dclusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes in dissecting flies:
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;

Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats, and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short, and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.
Last year, a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:

What bungling, rusty tools, are us'd by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:*
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-Inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Nam'd every player on his fingers ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays:†
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.‡
Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rend'ring shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his stars, that Phillis has been kind;

* Thus early in life did Swift feel the efforts of his genius struggling for birth, and prognosticate its vigorous exertions against vice and folly when arrived at maturity.—S.

† Dryden, whom Swift never mentions with reverence.

‡ There was probably some report stirring concerning the Mourning Bride, which, however, did not appear till 1697.

Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To ev'ry lewd pretender of the town.
'Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;*
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll bet my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.

Perish the Muse's hour, thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,†
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her inn'cent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!

* To this resolution Swift ever after adhered; for of the infinite multitude of libellers who personally attacked him, there is not the name mentioned of any one of them throughout his works; and thus, together with their writings, have they been consigned to eternal oblivion.—S.

† This alludes to Sir William Temple, to whom he gives the name of Apollo, in a few lines after.—S.

How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet.
  Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave;
'Tis the world's wat'ry hour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue,
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious standers by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse, and I.
  Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
    But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when like stupid alchymists you try
    To fix this nimble god,
    This volatile mercury,
  The subtile spirit all flies up in fume;
  Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade insipid mixture left behind.
  While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The muse, like some bright country virgin, shows
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;

They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep;
Near better animals, her father's sheep,
Sham'd and amaz'd, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION.

1700.

[This, and the following piece of humour, which, in their own peculiar style, will probably never be equalled, were written while Swift was chaplain to Lord Berkeley in Ireland. None of his talents is more remarkable, than the ease with which he could assume the character which he best pleased to occupy for the moment, and bind down his powerful genius to the thoughts, sentiments, and expressions of a chambermaid or housekeeper.]

To their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,*
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's† chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.—H.
† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.—H.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"—
"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a dream'd, methought, that I went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's* box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle†, and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadger‡ came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," said she, "my Lord Colway's§ folks are all very sad:
For my Lord Dromedary‖ comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,¶ says he, "I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,** "I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:

* Wife to one of the footmen.—H.
† The Earl of Berkeley's valet.—H.
‡ The old deaf housekeeper.—H.
§ Galway.—H.
‖ The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two earls, then lords justices of Ireland.
¶ Clerk of the kitchen.—H.
** Ferris; whom the poet terms in his Journal a scoundrel dog.

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief :)
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;*
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she (blessing herself) "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
"No," said I, "'Tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN† will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

* A usual saying of hers.— † Swift.—

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*" said I, "can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,* d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"

† Dr Bolton, one of the chaplains.—*Faulkner.*

Then my lord call'd me: "Harry*," said my Lord,
"don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss": "And,"
says my lady, "so will I."
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the Chaplain won't
come to?
For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies,)
I must petition you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
lection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excel-
lencies letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, in-
stead of him a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and
day,
Or the Chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*,) as in duty
bound, shall ever *pray*.

* A cant word of Lord and Lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris——

THE DISCOVERY.

[In the author's life is mentioned the disappointment which he experienced under the inefficient patronage of Lord Berkeley, chiefly from the influence of his Lordship's secretary, Mr. Bush. The following lines, among other satirical effusions, were the evidence of his resentment, and probably had some share in determining the earl to get rid of so untractable a dependent, by gratifying him with a living so soon as possible.]

When wise Lord Berkeley first came here,*
  Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
  Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
  When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
  To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush† with new state airs,
  His lordship's premier minister;
And who, in all profound affairs,
  Is held as needful as his clyster.‡

* To Ireland, as one of the lords justices.—H.

† Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary, which had been promised to Swift.—H.

‡ Always taken before my lord went to council.—H.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
  He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
  Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
  The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
  Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
  Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good king Phyz and good king Ush,*
  While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark, not too well bred,
  Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
  To overhear the grand dispute;
To learn what Northern kings design,
  Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
  For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
  Disguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy
  How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
  The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to 's excellency's snout,
  And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
  By all means to bring down the rates;
Then with a congée circumflex,
  Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

* See "The Rehearsal."—H.

Our listener stood a while confus'd,
  But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enrag'd to see the world abus'd,
  By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

ON THE UNION.

[Swift's hatred to the Scottish nation led him to look upon the Union with great resentment, as a measure degrading to England. The Scottish themselves hardly detested the idea more than he did; and that is saying as much as possible.]

The queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH* heart,
For want of which, by way of boteh,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?†
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;

* The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.—N.
† *i. e.* Differing in religion and law.

Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,* UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS, now shortening every shade,
  Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

* Afterwards Countess of Winchelsea.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
  Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire to grant—
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er she gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
  "Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
  The god could not refuse her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd something to the air,

And now he thought to sieze his due;
  But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
  But made his leg and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
  When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
  For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
  "Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
  And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
  May'st thou despise a poet's name!

Of modest poets thou be first;
  To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till fame and Echo almost burst,
  Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

At last, my vengeance to complete,
  May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
  A whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703.

[In the preface to the Miscellanies, in which this lively satire first appeared, the authors express some compunction for having written it. It does injustice to Vanbrugh, both as a poet and architect. The comedies of that celebrated dramatist afford excellent examples of light, easy, and natural dialogues; and were, as Cibber has recorded, less troublesome to the memory of the performers than those of any other dramatist. He died at the house in Whitehall (here ridiculed), 26th March 1726.]

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now Poets feel this art is lost.

Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove considered well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:
On earth the God of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.
  Van (for tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald* and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As Herald he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a Poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cry'd, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,

* Sir John Vanbrugh at that time held the office of Clarencieux king of arms, which he afterwards disposed of.

And make my Muse the architect,
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
  Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;*
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest:
Down from Olympus' top he slides.
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides,
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,

* Several of Vanbrugh's plays are taken from Moliere.

(As being bricks at second-hand)
Now move, and now in order stand.
  The building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit:
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room:
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
  Now Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the Poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.
Thither in haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long.
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:
  "Thrice happy Poet! who mayst trail
Thy house about thee like a snail:

Or, harncss'd to a nag, at ease
Take journcys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small;
For every Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile:
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

1708.

When Mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,

Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
  But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a house to build:
A real house, with rooms, and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
  From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,

For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the second:*
No wonder, since wise authors show,
That best foundations must be low:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
  But raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year,
A mouse-trap man chief engineer.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
  It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;

* Sir John Vanbrugh held the office of comptroller-general of his majesty's works.

Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't!"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;

"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
  They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
  The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
  The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;

But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice, at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
  The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
  The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
  The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,*
Fair Rosamond, and Robinhood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.†
  A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

* Probably Molly Ambree, upon whose warlike exploits in Flanders a popular ballad was composed. It is preserved in the Reliques of English Poetry, Vol. II.

† The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.—H.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continu'd just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;

Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
"Plain Goody," would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"—
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;

At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1709; AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.*
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

* To find old nails.—*Faulkner.*

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1710; AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Careful observers may foretel the hour,
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,

And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.*
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
†Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects‡ the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,§
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the Beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)

* "'Twas doubtful which was sea and which was sky."
Garth's Dispensary.

† Originally thus, but altered when Pope published the "Miscellanies:"

"His only coat, where dust confus'd with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain."

‡ Written in the first year of the Earl of Oxford's ministry.

Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filths, of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.

They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butcher's stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.)

[Swift and Pope delighted to ridicule Philips' Pastorals, and wrote several parodies upon them, the fame of which has been swallowed up in Gay's Shepherd's Week]

SCENE, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frost can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold, their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chaffing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year!
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to
play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around, [found:
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is

Alas! the day, when I poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold your handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

CORYDON.

When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road:
Fleet-Street, transform'd, become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit, and the St James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing, this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHILLIS.

But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I dose at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

CORYDON.

Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that: so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in Park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHILLIS.

And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

CORYDON.

She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHILLIS.

With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

CORYDON.

What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHILLIS.

I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

CORYDON.

However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to begone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

[When Swift came to London, in 1710, just about the time the ministry was changed, his reception from lord-treasurer Godolphin was, as he stated to archbishop King, "different from what he had received from any great man in his life; altogether short, dry, and morose." To Stella, he owns that this coldness had so enraged him, that he was vowing revenge. The fruits of his resentment was the following lampoon on the treasurer's abdication. It was read at Harley's, on the 15th October, 1710; but was not then suspected to be Swift's. The success of this *jeu d'esprit* was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.]

The rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,

Till metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,*
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,†
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,

* The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals. *Swift.*
† Supposed to allude to the union. *Swift.*

Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
  Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.
  Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
  Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of king's,
Came an HEIRLOOM,* as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.

* Godolphin's favour arose from his connection with the family of Marlborough.

Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit:
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's* shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.
  Dear Sid, then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?†
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,‡
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast)

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-street. *Swift.*

† When Godolphin received the queen's message, removing him from the office of treasurer, he broke his whole rod into two pieces, and threw them into the chimney, desiring the messenger to bear witness he had obeyed her majesty's commands.

‡ Lord Godolphin is satirized by Mr. Pope, for a strong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Essays.

Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis* go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were wig or tory.
  Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,

* Erasmus Lewis, esq. the treasurer's secretary.

Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth, if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross, among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect"—

"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon! that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—

The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
  Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read† would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend Dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
  "Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.
† The lord treasurer's porter.

But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

OCTOBER 31, 1713.

[Lord Harley married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, the daughter and sole heiress of John Duke of Newcastle. Bolingbroke malignantly called this match "the ultimate end of a certain administration." It was certainly the only advantage which the Earl of Oxford's family derived from his possession of ministerial power.]

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth admit,
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.

Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
  How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
  This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.

The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purify'd her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
  Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
  Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
["*But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
  "If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.——

---

* The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr. Pope.

But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,*
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;†
Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,
Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mecænatem memori si mente recurras.

---

* An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the dean great uneasiness through life.

† Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England, and courted queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negociation had nearly taken place between the dean and a Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negociation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, lord Bolingbroke's seat. *Warton.*

It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I trust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to shew
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—

Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.——
——Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.
——Si vis, potes, addit est instat.

A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—*
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;†

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.
———Subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ.

---

* Very happily turned from "Si vis potes." *Warton.*

† Another of their amusements, in these excursions, consisted in Lord Oxford's and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tete-à-tete;*
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.

Frigidus á rostris manat per compita rumor;
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit.—
Jurantem me scire nihil, miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis.
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit

---

which ever reckoned thirty one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke, overtaking them one day in their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and began some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, "Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Bolingbroke was disgusted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was

——"Nugari et discincti ludere"

with a witness. *Warton.*

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.*

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

---

* Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714. The remaining part of the ode was afterward added by Mr. Pope; in whose works the whole is printed. See Dr. Warton's edition, vol. vi. p. 13.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I.

PARAPHRASED.*

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

> "En qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
> Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum."
> *Hor.* 1 *Sat.* vi. 34.

Dick, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's† pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt whigs and tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories

* This and the next poem were first added to the Dean's Works, by Mr. Nichols, from copies in the Lambeth library, K. 1, 2, 29 30. 4to.

† Samuel Buckley, publisher of the Crisis.

Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d' eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury Lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends." *

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy, with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.—*Swift.*

When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;*
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
  But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge † wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot like, thou'lt stru and frown.
  What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
  Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;

* Not alluding, as I conceive, to Steele's researches in alchemy, but to his assumed character of Squire Bickerstaff, a conjuror, whose advice to various distressed femaels may be seen in the Tatier. and is ridiculed in the lines which follow.

† The borough which, for a very short time, Steele represented in parliament.

(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter)
Methinks I see a black-guard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.*
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp † keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney ‡ thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now manfully thou'll run atilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain.
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,

* Abel Roper, a blackguard Tory bookseller.

† The Duke and Dutchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.

‡ General Macartney, second to Lord Mohun, in the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfrey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

PHYLLIS;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;

Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
  At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn by times the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had shulk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl had such a bashful way!
  Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
  See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone,
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
  Old Madam, who went up to find,
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honour'd father—these—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)

Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befel her;
And in a glass had made her see
A servant man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in Heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife."
One argument she summ'd up all in,
"The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hop'd she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horse and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodgings worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him;

John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
  But what adventures more befel them,
The Muse has now no time to tell them;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
  When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are eat and dog, and rogue and whore.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.*

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:

* This cutting satire upon the Duke of Marlborough was written about the time when he was deprived of his employments. Swift thus mentions it in his journal: "To-day, I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. secretary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you."—*Journal to Stella. Feb.* 14. 1711-12. Vol. III.

A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup:
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told
Old hay is equal to old gold:*
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
  This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music try'd,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,

* The reader will recollect, that the Duke of Marlborough was accused of having received large sums, as perquisites from the contractors, who furnished bread, forage, &c. to the army.

Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose,
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call:
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too, has asses' ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much:

And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic pow'r.*
While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace,
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

TO MR DELANY,

Nov. 10, 1718.

[The Rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been greatly patronized by Sir Constantine Phipps, who was chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration. Being in a corresponding degree discountenanced by the Whig ministry, he was recommended to Swift as much by similarity of situation as by learning, wit, and social talents. He was at this time a tutor in Trinity college, Dublin. The following

* The result of the investigations of the House of Commons, was the removal of the Duke of Marlborough from his command, and all his employments.

piece has relation to the playful exercises of fancy, which Sheridan, Delany, the Grattans, and other friends of the Dean, were wont to indulge, and which they sometimes drove to the verge of extravagance.]

To you whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind:
Or what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose:
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
  Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd:

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
  Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel;
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.*
  But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.

* These lines are perfectly characteristic of Voiture, who was famous for introducing new and easy graces into the French language, and giving a more agreeable turn to many trite and familiar modes of expression, by a happiness peculiar to himself. His irony has been particularly admired for its singularity and address. He, as well as the courtly Waller, was the poet of the fair; and both have celebrated the charming Countess of Carlisle.* It has been observed that few authors have suffered so much by translation as Voiture. His native beauties are of too delicate a kind to be copied in a foreign language.

* It appears, by Voiture's Letters, that he was in England in 1633.

Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed!
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to rapartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd in scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teas'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves, by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend* of yours and mine;

* Dr. Sheridan.—H

Who neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
  When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame:
For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice;
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.*
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment yours).
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muse.
  If he be guilty, you must mend him?
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterwards the subject of several poems by Dr. Swift and others.—H.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[Dr. King, Archbisbop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation by his opposition of Wood's coinage. These verses contrast the conduct of the clergy and the lay proprietors to their tenants, and are written in the stile which Swift knew so well how to asume when he addressed the common people. They are taken from a broadside printed by Harding, who published the Drapier's letters.]

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the Tune of ———

I SING not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In every council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by 't.

And though some think him in the wrong, yet still
there comes a season,
When ev'ry one turns round about, and owns his
grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows
it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand
pounds and more.
Then come the poor, and strip him so, they leave
him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than
Woods's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to
win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to
give a pin.
Why there's my landlord now, the squire, who all
in money wallows
He would not give a groat to save his father from
the gallows.
"A bishop" says the noble squire, "I hate the
very name,
To have two thousand pounds a year!—O 'tis a
burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a year! good lord! And I to
have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to
thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece
of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the
pound.

Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me
" honest Jo.
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before
you go."
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the
money locks,
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor
man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his
grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in
the face:
Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to
obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
"Then" said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee
honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope
they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when
you can.
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest
man.
Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have
lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same
Woods's trash!"
"God bless your grace," I then replied, "I'd see
him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin
spire."
To every farmer twice a week all round about the
Yoke,
Our parsons read the Drapier's books, and make
us honest folk.

And then I went to pay the squire and in the way
I found,
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish
pound;
"Why sirrah," said the noble squire, how dare you
see my face,
Your rent is due almost a week beside the days of
grace."
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the
rack,
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly
break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make
him live as long
As did Methusalem of old, and so I end my song.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

1720.

[O'Rourke, a powerful chieftain of Ulster in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and, in order to take leave of his neighbours with becoming splendour, he assembled them in the great hall of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim, and still exists as a ruin. He entertained his numerous guests with such a profusion of the rude hospitality of the period, that the memory of his feast long survived in tradition; the longer perhaps on account of the tragical fate of O'Rourke himself, who was put to death in England. Hugh Mac Guaran, Esq. of Leitrim, a contemporary of the celebrated Carolan, composed, upon this traditionary foundation, the celebrated song of *Plearaca na Ruarcah*. The fame of the ditty having reached Dean Swift, he was supplied, at his own request, with a literal version, from which he executed the following very spirited translation. It was afterwards translated by Mr. Charles Wilson, who published Irish poems in 1782, from whose scarce and forgotten, though very curious collection, I have transferred the original Irish words, for the benefit of the curious in Hibernian antiquities.]

O'Rourke's noble fare
  Will ne'er be forgöt,
By those who were there,
  Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
  We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
  Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
  In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
  And a madder* our cup.

O there is the sport!
  We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
  From snoring all night.

PLEARACA NA RUARCACH.

Plearaca na Ruàrcach
  Accumhne an uile dhuine,
Da ttiucaidh da bhaicfeadh
  S'da ccluinfeadh go foìll.

Seacht bhfithchead muc,
  Mart agus càora,
Da ceasgairt don ghaaraidh,
  Gach àon, lò,

Na cèada pàl uisge beatha,
  'Sna meadra dha liònadh,
Ag èirghe air maidin,
  Is againn a bhi an spòirt.

Do briseadh mo phiopasa,
  Sladamh mo phòcasa,
Guideath mho bhrisdesi,
  Loisgeadh mo chlòcasa.

* A wooden vessel.—F.

O how was I trick'd!
  My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
  I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
  Of mantle and kercher,
Why then fare them well,
  The de'el take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up;
  But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
  Ah! this hath some savour.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
  Ne'er dream't of the matter,
'Till, rous'd by the noise,
  And musical clatter,

Chaill me mo bhirrèad,
  Mfallainn is mfilleàd;
O dimigh na gaireid,
  Ar sheacht mbeannacht lèo.

Spreag air an cclairsigh sinn,
  Seinn an Pleàràca sin,
Prap dhuinn sgàird don digh sin:
  A, sì fo, an chuirm chòir.

Lucht leanmhuna na Ruareach
  Ag crabtadh a cceleitighe,
Tra cbuala siad turman,
  Is troipleasg a cheòil.

Gan aire air a ccoisreagadh,
  Ag eìrghe as a leapacha;
Is a bhean fèin ar leathlaimh
  Ag gach aon don chòip.

* A covering of linen, worn on the heads of the women.—F.

They bounce from their nest,
  No longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest,
  Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
  Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
  Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
  With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
  Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
  Laughlin O' Enagin!*
But my hand,† you dance rarely,
  Margery Grinagin.‡

Budh làidir an seasamh
  Don talamh, bhi fùthfa;
Gan rèabadh le sodar
  Is glugar ann gach bròig,

Slàinte agus saoghal chugad
  A Mhaoileachluin ui Aonagàin,
Dar mo laimh is maith adhamsas tu,
  A Mhairsillni Ghriodagàin.

Sùd ort a mhaithair
  Go raibh maith agad a Phadruig,
Sgag thusa an sgâla sin *
  Siòs an do sgòig.*

[* This verse, untranslated by Swift, is thus rendered by Wilson:

Here's to you, dear mother.
  I thank you, dear Pat;
Pitch this down your throat.
  I'm the better of that.]

* The name of an Irishman.—F.
† An Irish oath.—F.
‡ The name of an Irishwoman.—F.

Bring straw for our bed,
  Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
  The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
  Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
  Of your sneezing, a Yean.*

Good lord! what a sight,
  After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
  In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
  And hot are their brains,
A cubic at least
  The length of their skeans.†

Craith fùinn an tsràideòg sin,
  Leathnoigh oruinn an chàitheòg sin,
An bugsa sin Aine is
  Graideòg le na òl.

Athair na ngrasa cè be,
  Chifeadh an ghrasraidh,
Iàr lionadh a cecroicne,
  Is ar lasadh san òl.

Bhi cnaìmh-ruigheadh bachuird
  Ar far ann gach sgìn aca;
Ag stabadh 'sa gearradh
  Go leòr, go leòir.

Ceàd aithshlisne darach air,
  Lasadh gabhail trìd na cheile;
Ag cnagadh, ag leagadh,
  Ag losgadh, sa doghadh,

* Surname of an Irishwoman.—F.
† Daggers, or short swords.—F.

What stabs and what cuts,
  What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
  What bastings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak,
  Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
  A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
  My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
  And Carrick Drumrusk:

The Earl of Kildare,
  And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
  I was nurst by their mother.*

A bhodaigh as è mathairse,
  Chuir mainister na Bùille suas,
Sligeach is Gailtimh is
  Carruig Dhrum-Rùsga fòs.

'Se Jarla Chilldara,
  Agus biatach Mhuighnealta,
Doil agus daltrom me
  Fiosraidth do Mhòir.

Leaguidh an trmad sin,
  Buàilidh an stràmeàd sin,
Cick an sa tarr is
Cuff an sa tsroin.

Cia toigan talamsa?
  Ar sa aon don eaglais,
Ag eirgidh na sheasamh,
  'Sa bagart go mòr.

* It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses, foster mothers: their husbands, foster-fathers; and their children, foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.—F.

Ask that of old madam:
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

Ni hi an spirdèis choisriogtha
Bhi leis san racàn;
Aght bata maith, cnapànach,
Boglàn dòirn.

Trath shaoil se na caibhliorr,
Alasgadh sdo thiòrail;
Do faigead an Sagart na mheall
Trasna fosi an mbord.'

Deirghe na braithre do thasail
Na braoine sin:
'Sdo faigead an tathar gardian,
Ar athair ansa graosacha.

Nuair abhi mise tall,
Aglacad nan gradha,
Abhfocair an phapà,
Thall an sa Ròimh.

Se an *Seven Wise Masters*,
Bhi ar chluaisar a tharraige
Is è agithe na bpotatuidh
Laimh le Sheemôr.

Swift has not translated the six last verses, which may be rendered thus:

Cia toigan talamsa, &c.

Who kick'd up this dust?
Cried one of the clergy;
Bolting up like a post,
Come be quiet, I charge ye.

He brought no holy water,
  The riot to charm;
But a switch, for the matter
  Scarce so thick as his arm.

While he deem'd them all quell'd,
  This churchman so able,
By a back-stroke was fell'd,
  Like a log on the table.

Next up got a friar
  To appease these rude members;
But was pitched cross the fire
  With his breech on the embers.

While loudly he hollowed,
  "Would you match you with me,
Who my studies have followed
  At Rome beyond sea."

While you thrum'd old ballads,
  Sitting squat like a boor,
With potatoes for sallads,
  In the bog of Shiemoor,

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

(To the tune of "Packington's Pound.")

[This ballad alludes to the Dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters the printer was prosecuted with great violence. Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed sent the jury repeatedly out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.]

BROCADOES, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and Dean,
Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloth'd like a carcase, would make a teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks, for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do 't shall be swingingly maul'd;
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

*THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.** 1720.

The bold encroachers on the deep,
  Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
  Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks,
  Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
  Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
  Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation,
  Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
  Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
  Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
  The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
  The birds are met to strip the jays.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
  "Make pinions for themselves to fly;"

† This poem was printed some years ago, and it should seem, by the late failure of two bankers, to be somewhat prophetic. It was therefore thought fit to be reprinted.—Dub. Ed.

They fly like bats on parchment wings,
  And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
  Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
  "That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
  Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
  Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
  The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
  Expos'd with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
  Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
  And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
  Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
  He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
  From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
  Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
  From his own hand foresees his fall
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
  'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
  When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
  And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call,
  Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops upon us fall!
  Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
  And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
  "Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

Brazier, tinker, hardwareman, coiner, founder, and esquire.

[The two passages within crotchets, which do not occur in former editions of the Dean's works, are added from the original broadside copy.]

When foes are o'ercome we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter:
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil,
Their gods were of wood; but our Wood is the Devil.
To cut down fine wood, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name,
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech:
And said, "By my shoul, he's the son of a Beech."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were designed to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us ver-
juice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the post.

[But here Mr Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a
friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.

He can rap his own raps,* and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.

But some will object that the Devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times, from the trunk of an oak,
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts,
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return,
Howe'er let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath joined with himself two hags in commission.]

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a nitch,
Bor'd a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a true saint.

* Forge his own bad halfpence.

When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no
doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about;*)
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the de'il in a drum.
From me, I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning-board.
[Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This Brass was a dragon (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek,
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can't shew his love
else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;

* He was burnt in effigy.

But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be crost?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.]
Hear one story more and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a drop of Kilmainham.*
I wak'd with delight: and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace.
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears;
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

† The place of execution near Dublin.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon,
  All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon.
  Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
  All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
  Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
  So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
  They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
  Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
  Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
  All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
  Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
  A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
  And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
  By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
  And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
  But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
  The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
  Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
  Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
  Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
  White lead and Lusitanian * dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
  White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
  A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
  The window is her proper sphere:
Ah, lovely nymph, be not too rash,
  Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star:
  Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
  And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
  When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
  Where nothing's left to work upon.

* Portugal.—H.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
  Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
  Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
  For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge * wisely shows the cause
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
  Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury,* in art profound,
  From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion is not found,
  Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
  In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed † can, with all his skill,
  See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
  Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
  When sober folks are all a-bed:

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.—H.
† John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer-royal, died in 1719, aged 73.—N.

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
  Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
  To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
  To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
  Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers who over love preside!
  Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supplied,
  Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

A SATIRICAL ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL, 1722.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!

This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
  Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO

DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!

You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.

I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master, one day, in anger, call'd you a goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never called me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.
Besides you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here;
I remember it was upon a Tuesday of all days in
the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jest-
ing and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my mas-
ter's stocking;)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the
school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dishclout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this
letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister, Mar-
garet, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my
master comes from prayers:

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command, MARY.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:
And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister * who fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. Young's seventh satire is inscribed to him.

If he * who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he!
  Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;

* Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterward Earl of Wilmington, to whom the eighth satire is dedicated.

If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession, and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
  A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
  Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace:
'Tis said, their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:

Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
  Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects, fairer to his view;
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
  Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
  Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gaz'd a while,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!

He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
  Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED, AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

Unhappy ship, thou art returned in vain:*
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.

* O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus?

Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.*
Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.†
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,‡
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cable's burst, and you must quickly feel§
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,‖
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;¶

* ———Fortiter occupa
um.

† Nudum remigo latus.

‡ ———Malus celeri saucius Africo.

§ ———Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

‖ Non tibi sunt integra lintea.

¶ Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,*
That they descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast,
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons, descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,†
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight,
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and sattins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,‡
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,§
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;

* Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis—
† Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus.
‡ Fidit, tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
§ Nuper solicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.
1727.

A set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry,
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;

Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
  In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
  If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
  In party, furious to her power;
A bitter whig, or tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain;
And, to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topics from the tories draws.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN.

AT MARKET-HILL.* 1727.

At Market-Hill as well appears,
  By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
  A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
  And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
  Secure from satyrs sate and sung.

Sir Archibald,† that valorous knight,
  The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
  For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
  Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
  Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.‡)

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect.—Anderson.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.—F.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends of Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.—F.

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
  Has canker'd all its branches round:
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
  Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged sickly sapless thorn,
  Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
  Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
  Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
  She scarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
  In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
  Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
  Stood chattering with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
  To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
  The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
  To seek a more secure retreat.

Last strolled forth the gentle swine,
  To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
  All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
  (If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
  Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
  The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
  She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
  First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
  This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
  Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
  Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

And thy confederate dame, who brags
  That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
  And wound her legs with every brier.

Nor thou, Lord Arthur,* shalt escape;
  To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
  Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
  Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;

* Sir Arthur Acheson.—F.

Since you could see me treated so
(An old retainer to your house):

May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

Pigs and fanaties, cows and teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caitiff! think on me."

THE

JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

Sir, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—

How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.

She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise;
Of head ach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"Why show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:

There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
  Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough,
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
  This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
  But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy elans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
  Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their insendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?

Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now, 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;

All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
  Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own:
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
  But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits.
  "And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went:
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops:
And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap;

" Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
  The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
" Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
  How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snnff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone:
I always lose when you look on."

"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark;
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pair their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.

But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.

[So the following very remarkable verses are entitled, in a copy which exists in the Dean's hand writing. It bears the following characteristic memorandum on the back. "A traiterous libel, writ several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. Copied September 9th, 1735. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." And at the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript. "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him." For the foundation of the scandals current during the reign of George I. to which the lines allude, see Walpole's Reminiscences, chapter II.]

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,

Think I to myself what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference amounts to no more
Than now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each Queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right Prince of Wales,
To succeed, when, (God bless him,) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our royal divines
To unite these two protestant *parallel* lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turned out of doors,
Two reputed Kings sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But alas! poor old England, how wilt though be master'd;
For take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

PAULUS; AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sep. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—

* A polite and elegant scholar; at that time an eminent pleader at the bar in Dublin, and afterward advanced to be one of the Justices of the Common Pleas.—H.

Thus Paulus preach'd:—When entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE.* 1729.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight,† full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,‡ while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;

* The author of the following poem wrote several other copies of verses of th elike kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer, about two or three years ago.

A certain very great person,* then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written, from whence I know not by what accident several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which run about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented. Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, we have explained them, and put the several explanations in their proper places.—First ed.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.—F.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.—F.

* John, Lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, since Earl of Granville, in right of his mother.—F.

But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack* or malt-house, we now must consider.

"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:

"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus;* no company comes
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.†
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.

* The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks, which have lately been introduced into this country likewise.—H.

† A cant-word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.—F.

But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah,* who listened to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cry'd "Madam, why surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.†
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;

* My lady's waiting-woman.—F.
† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.—F.

And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.'—
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'
'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
'Good-morrow, good captain.'—'I'll wait on you down.'—
'You sha'nt stir a foot.'—'You'll think me a clown.'—
'For all the world captain.'—'Not half an inch farther.'—
'You must be obey'd!'—'Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own."
"Go bring me my smock and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

"Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of head.
Next day to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd: pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle.)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.

Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
'Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us,
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us,
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day :
You're heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year ;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant—'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant !"—
"Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming"—
"No, madam : 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
The dean and the doctor* have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side ;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first ;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.—F.

And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose:
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
Mister curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band,'
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny)
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds,* and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me.
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.—F.

He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day,'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny* and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, "Hussey, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains!—
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

* Nicknames for my lady.—F.

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
  How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

Ætatis suæ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:

They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face:
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds:
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;

While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a house hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine;
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,

Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
  If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
  But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas! is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.
  For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,

That mix'd with Acheloüs spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.

Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place,
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise:
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-Garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar where on tick to sup;

Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dexterously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps,
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,

Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
* Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs.
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?

* —— Et longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam.—Ed. 1772.

The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMN'ED.

1731.

All folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But, if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords, and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome,
How happy for us that it is not at home!

*THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.**

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you, who never fell from pride:
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd:
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

* This Poem was first printed (from the Dean's MS.) in a letter from Lord Chesterfield addressed to Mr. Voltaire, dated Aug. 27, 1752.—N.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.*
1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain! †
Fain would I think our female friend ‡ sincere,
Till Bob,§ the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.‖
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
  Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side! ¶

* The Dean having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensbury had employed Mr Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards, (which however proved to be a mistake.) wrote this Epistle to his friend.—H. Through the whole piece, under the pretext of instructing Gay in his duty as the duke's auditor of accounts, he satirizes the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.—H.

‡ The Countess of Suffolk.—H.

§ Sir Robert Walpole.—*Faulkner.*

‖ In courting Mrs. Howard, Pope, Swift, and Gay, never perceived that they were offering incense at the shrine of an inefficient, rather than an unpropitious deity; and that George II. entirely guided by the councils of Queen Caroline, disregarded all advances made to him through the channel of Mrs. Howard. It was the queen, not the favourite, over whom Sir Robert Walpole, here termed the poet's foe, "obtained an ascendancy, through which he not only preserved, but even augmented, during the reign of George II. the influence he had possessed under George I."

¶ The post of gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa was offered to Gay, which he and his friends considered as a great indignity, her Royal Highness being a mere infant.

But princely Douglas,* and his glorious dame,
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work; for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light would ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of human kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince † as well as he.

* The Duke of Queensberry.—*Faulkner.*
† A title given to every duke by the heralds.—*Faulkner.*

The ducal coffers trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires,
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.*
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.

* Alluding maliciously to the magnificence of Houghton, Sir Robert Walpole's seat, in which he had more than once the honour to receive a royal visit.

A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
  The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
  But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
  Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes:
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
  Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs *
Request it of him, to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
  Have Peter Waters † always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine ministerial kind,

* These lines are thought to allude to some story concerning a vast quantity of mahogany declared rotten, and then applied by somebody to wainscots, stairs, door-cases, &c.—Dublin edit.

† He hath practised this trade for many years, and still continues it with success; and after he hath ruined one lord, is earnestly solicited to take another.—Ibid.

Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.*
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
And finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please;
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:

* Alluding to Sir Robert Walpole's unexpectedly obtaining the same lead in the councils of George II. which he enjoyed in those of his father's.

Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
  In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
  I knew a brazen minister of state,*
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, his master died.†
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
The work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, Sir Spencer? ‡ or will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.

* Sir Robert Walpole, who was called Sir Robert Brass.—Dublin edit.

† King George I.—Ibid.

‡ Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards created Earl of Wilmington. To him George II. upon succeeding to the throne, offered the situation of premier; but, finding him totally destitute of the nerves and talent necessary for such a high charge, Queen Caroline prevailed on his majesty, contrary to the expectation of every one, to retain in his service the proved experience of Walpole.

The candidate observ'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

ON THE

*DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.**

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER,
1731.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;

* The Verses on his own Death, and the Rhapsody on Poetry, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry.—*Dr. Warton.*

While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
  If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view!
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the case is not your own!
  What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
  Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows,
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
  To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
  Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
  The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;

And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.

His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily howd'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How* many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?

* He would send *many a message* is right: but the question *how*, seems to destroy the unity or collective nature of the idea; and therefore it ought to have been expressed, if the measure would have allowed it, without the article, in the plural number, *how many messages.*—*Lowth.*

And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
  My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
  Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes."—"The Dean is dead."
  Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"—
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."—
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
  Now Grub Street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
  The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;

For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot,
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres,† at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob,‡ "I'm sorry for the news:

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.—F.

Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, then of the bedchamber to the queen, professed much friendship for the Dean. The queen, then princess, sent a dozen times to the Dean (then in London), with her commands to attend her; which at last he did, by advice of all his friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciously. He taxed her with a present worth ten pounds, which she promised before he should return to Ireland; but on his taking leave the medals were not ready.—Dubl. ed.

The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months; but * * * *

† Chartres is a most infamous vile scoundrel, grown from a footboy, or worse, to a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of insinuating himself into all ministers, under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at seventy for a rape, and came off by sacrificing a great part of his fortune. He is since dead; but this poem still preserves the scene and time it was written in.—*Ibid.*

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, chief minister of state, treated the Dean in 1726 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea,

O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke† were dead!"
Now Curll‡ his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.§
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;‖

with the Dean's friends chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him on Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, &c. for which the Dean would see him no more: and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another visit.—Dubl. ed.

* Mr. William Pultney, from being Sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, opposed his measures, and joined with my Lord Bolingbroke, to represent his conduct, in an excellent paper called the Craftsman, which is still continued.—*Ibid.*

† Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state to Queen Anne, of blessed memory. He is reckoned the most universal genius in Europe. Walpole, dreading his abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with King George I., who forgot his promises of restoring the said lord, upon the restless importunities of the said Walpole.—*Ibid.*

‡ Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character, in part, may be found in Mr. Pope's Dunciad. He published three volumes, all charged on the Dean, who never writ three pages of them. He hath used many of the Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner.—*Ibid.*

§ Three stupid verse writers in London; the last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made laureat. Moore, commonly called Jemmy Moore, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan, in Ireland. See the character of Jemmy Moore, and Tibbalds, Theobald in the Dunciad.—*Ibid.*

‖ Curll is notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who are hanged at Tyburn. He hath

Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
  Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
  St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry,—but we all must die!"
  Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
  My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)

been in custody of the House of Lords, for publishing or forging the letters of many peers, which made the Lords enter a resolution in their journal-book, that no life nor writings of any lord should be published, without the consent of the next heir, or license from their House.—Dubl. ed.

Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:
And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart),
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
  Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo!
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
  Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;*
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

* A place in London, where old books are sold.—Dubl. ed.

His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste;
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,*
And Mr. Henley's last oration.†
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's‡ tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:

* Walpole hath a set of party scribblers, who do nothing but write in his defence.—Dubl. ed.

† Henley is a clergyman, who, wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he calleth an Oratory. There, at set times, he delivereth strange speeches, compiled by himself and his associates, who share the profit with him. Every hearer payeth a shilling each day for admittance. He is an absolute dunce, but generally reported crazy.—*Ibid.*

‡ Wolston was a clergyman, but for want of bread hath, in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempted to turn our Saviour's miracles into ridicule. He is much caressed by many great courtiers, and by all the infidels, and his books read generally by the court ladies.—*Ibid.*

Those maids of honour, who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.*
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
  Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
  "The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those:
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind,
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.—H.

"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

"With princes kept a due decorum;
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.

Two kingdoms,* just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.†

* In 1713, the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the House of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Public Spirit of the Whigs*;" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter*," &c. written against that destructive project of coining half pence for Ireland; but in neither kingdom was the Dean discovered.—H.

† Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement: Harcourt the chancellor, and the secretary Bolingbroke, were discontented with the treasurer Oxford, for his too great mildness to the whigs; this quarrel grew higher every day until the queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impos-

"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.*
When up a dangerous faction starts,†
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown;
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself‡ within the frown of power;

sible; and thereupon retired into Berkshire, about ten weeks before that event.—H.

* In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714.—H.

† On the queen's demise, the whigs were restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had.—H.

‡ Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to Dublin: yet numberless libels were written against him in England; he was insulted in the street, and at night was forced to be attended by his servants armed.—H.

Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;*
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,†

* Wood, a hardware-man from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l.* which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdum without gold or silver.—H.

† Whitshed was then chief justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet written by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat afterward on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the

Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian;*
Who long all justice has discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

"In exile,† with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confin'd,‡

courtiers, or those who expected places. Whitshed died August 26, 1727, (having a few months before exchanged his place in the king's bench, which he had held ten or twelve years, for the same office in the common pleas): and Archbishop Boulter says, his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with helped to shorten his days. These affronts were certainly the satires of the Dean and his friends.—H.

* Sir William Scroggs, chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King Charles II., and Sir Robert Tresilian, chief justice of England in the time of Richard II., both infamous for encroachments on the liberties and property of the people of England.

† In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile: to which country nothing could have driven him but the queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the Duchess of Somerset, &c.—H.

‡ In Ireland the Dean was not acquainted with one single lord, spiritual or temporal. He only conversed with private gentlemen of the clergy or laity, and but a small number of either.—Dubl. ed.

Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right, or power,*
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
******* squires to market brought;
Who sell their souls and **** for nought.
The ******* go joyful back,
To *** the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *******
And keep the peace, to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe,
Who call it humour when they gibe:

* The peers of Ireland lost great part of their jurisdiction by one single act, — — — — —Ibid.

He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of whigs and tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?

Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
  Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
  You would teach me to be wise:
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
  But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
  Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Drest like any lady mayoress:
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?

Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely? *
  Think not cards my chief diversion:
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.
We, by play, as men, by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
  Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
  Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
  Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;

* In some editions, this couplet is wanting.—N.

Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
  Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself, and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough:
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instil?
  To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey;

Nor against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the strutting chattering vermin;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?
  When my muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names:

Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage:
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could)
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb* hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
  Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean;
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station:
Come to use and application:
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:
  If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.†

* Caleb d'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of the Craftsman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obscurity.

† The famous thief, who, while on his trial at the Old Bailey tabbed Jonathan Wild.—See Vol. XIII. p. 365.

If I laugh at whig and tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace*,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels,
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dullness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
  Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty stile decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.†
  I who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king:

‡ "Ridiculum acri," &c.—H.
† This couplet is wanting in some editions.—N.

That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but by sneer.
As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by storming,
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault)
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals:
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?
If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates!
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.

Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart awhile;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason!
  Thus we both shall gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.* 1731.

SIR ROBERT,† wearied by Will Pulteney's teaz-
Who interrupted him in all his leasings, [ings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;

* Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq. since Earl of Bath.—F.

† Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, chief Minister of State, who resigned all his employments, December 4, 1741, and, on the 19th of February following, was created Earl of Orford. His lordship died the 18th of March, 1745-5, in the 70th year of his age.—F.

Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant dueal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.
  A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
By often shifting into distant grounds;*
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.

* This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob; Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.—H.

He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear.
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.

THE

BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

When beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:

Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The Goat advanc'd with descent pace;
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Firgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now:
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human kind.
Some faults we own; but can you guess?
Why virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us,
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;

And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term;
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job.
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But owns, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!)

Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food:
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
  The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to whig or tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:

Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.*
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
And it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:

* A bill was brought into the House of Commons of England, in the year 1732, for laying an excise on wines, tobacco, &c., which, after many debates, was dropped.—F.

His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother:
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
  The Sharper swore, he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
  I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face,
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:

Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.*

THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!

* Vide Gulliver, in his account of the Houyhnhnms.—F.

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride?
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
And license to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place:
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE.

1733.

I.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart:
I, a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Engraved by J. Neagle Philad.a

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
  All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
  Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
  Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
  Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
  Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
  Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
  Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
  Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
  Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
  Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
  With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
  Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
  Melody resigns to fate.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

[These verses seem to be written on the same plan with the preceding, in order to ridicule the common-places of poetry.]

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong:
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,

Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue,
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head.
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wond'rous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;

Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot:
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private like, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot,
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub Street line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.

In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
  To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
  Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
  Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
  Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.

Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame?
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right,
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel Grub Street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
  Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;

A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-Sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants, for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away,
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:

Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell:
This god on earth turns devil in Hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams*
Project excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster,
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;

* Sunt geminæ Somni portæ—a
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanta—Virg. 1. 6.

For law and Gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
  But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art:
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
  A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous*:*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.

* A famous treatise of Longinus.—Dubl. ed.

Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,*
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battas from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,†
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;

* By Mr. Welsted.—Ibid.
† The ancient name of London.—Dubl. ed.

The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
  Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is whig, and one is tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
  But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.

The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
  The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on bim prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen:
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub Street at each other's door's;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;

And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
  O Grub Street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
  Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's* time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet† of the hollow tree.
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:

* Hon. Edward Howard, author of four indifferent plays, and of two books of poetry, one called "The British Princess," the other "Poems and Essays," with a paraphrase on Cicero's "Lælius."—N.

† Lord Grimston was the author of this celebrated performance, of which he was afterwards so much ashamed, as to buy up all the copies. The malignity of the Dutchess of Marlborough disconcerted his purpose, by reprinting it. Some specimens of "Love in a Hollow Tree," (quite enough to satisfy any reader's curiosity) may be found in the notes on Dr. King's poem called "The Art of Cookery."

They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
  In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted* sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The Laureate† leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore‡ with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:

* Mr. Welsted's poems were reprinted in 1787, and contain specimens of the most stupifying mediocrity.

† In some editions, instead of the Laureate, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings, the supposed author manifested a great esteem.—Dubl. edit.—"Little," says Dr. Warton, "did Swift imagine, that Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopée."

‡ James Moore Smith, Esq. author of "The Rival Modes," an unsuccessful comedy, was chiefly remarkable for a consummate assurance as a plagiarist. See his character at large, in the Dunciad, II. 50.

With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit;
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes,* Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees,† entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.

* ——— Super et Garamantos et Indos,
Proferet imperium———
——— Jam nunc et Caspia regna
Responsis horrent Divum.
† Genibus minor.

Our eldest hope, divine Iŭlus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
  The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court;
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius,* by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.

* Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
  Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
  Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share:*
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:

* Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribands bound!
And the muscly swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.

* In ridicule of Phillip's poem on Miss Carteret; and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of Archbishop Boulter."—*Anderson.*

With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid:
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame!

Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

The furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot tbat boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep,
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night:
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

AN EPIGRAM,

INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE.

[Now first published from a copy in the Dean's hand-writing, in possession of J. Connill, Esq.]

In your indignation what mercy appears,
While Jonathan's threaten'd with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack'd with your voice.
If truly you [would] be reveng'd on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on,
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid *Povey* * secure him while you are harranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN.

Well! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:

* Povey was serjeant-at-arms to the House of Commons.

Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile,
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one.
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one.
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters apply'd to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who, by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby.*
A man is no more, who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
React our old deeds, and make what's past present;
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero,
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well painted monkey's as good as a lion.

* Ambrose Phillips.

The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth,)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so, so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in Gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

VERSES

WRITTEN DURING

LORD CARTERET'S ADMINISTRATION

OF IRELAND.

As Lord Carteret's residence in Ireland as Viceroy was a series of cabals against the authority of the prime minister, he failed not, as well from his love of literature as from his hatred to Walpole, to attach to himself as much as possible the distinguished author of the Drapier Letters. By the interest which Swift soon gained with the Lord-Lieutenant, he was enabled to recommend several friends, whose High Church or Tory principles had hitherto obstructed their preferment. The task of forwarding the views of Delany, in particular, led to several of Swift's liveliest poetical effusions, while, on the other hand, he was equally active in galling, by his satire, Smedley, and other Whig beaux esprits, who, during this amphibious administration, sought the favour of a literary Lord-Lieutenant, by literary offerings and poetical adulation. These pieces, with one or two connected with the same subject, are here thrown together, as they seem to reflect light upon each other.

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come to dine.
But, you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,

He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
  What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.
  My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must the unhappy doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode * here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."

* The gentleman who brought the message.

The Captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches,
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder:
But pray, to-morrow go at ten;
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding;
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—humm'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The Captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit,
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme:
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;

So, bowing, seemingly complied;
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, cant bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.

The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse:
If you unus'd have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun:
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages:
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—'You are not to be seen:'
Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round?

Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?"

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

1729.

Deluded mortals whom the great
Choose for companions *tete à tete*
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
  Suppose my Lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now;
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit, are but a kind
Of pandars in a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene,
Took proper principles to thrive:
And so might every dunce alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of an hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:

Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth*:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St James's in disgrace.
  Thus Addison, by lords carest.
Was left in foreign lands distrest:
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind,
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;

* William Duke of Cumberland, son to George II.—H

And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
  True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in colleges and schools,
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You shew your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage whig and tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious:
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
  Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
  But, reverend Doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit:
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man
But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,

Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
  Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
  "So to destroy a guilty land
An * angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys Almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
  But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow;
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
  "So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy devil ascends;

* "So when an angel by divine command," &c.
Addison's Campaign.

His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small."
  Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels, just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

1729.

"—— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi."—*Juv.*

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.

An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail:
Thus fame and censure, with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd,
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise:
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;

Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
  You say the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing:
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;*
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
  How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.

* The Irish Parliament sat at the Blue-boys' Hospital, while the new parliament-house was fitting up.

How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
  A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;*
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight;
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers,
Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.
  Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
  When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For afterbirth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot,
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue:
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
  Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite!

Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub street poet's nest;
What spunging-house in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
  You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd in Grub street rhymes,
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
  Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,*
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
  Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.†
  Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;

* Alluding to the disputes between George I. and his son, while the latter was Prince of Wales.

† The Electress Sophia, mother of George II. was supposed to have had an intrigue with Count Konigsmark.

For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen;
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
  Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches;
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls:
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
  Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy headful:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robert Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows:
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to shew your style.
Broad inuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)

Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
  Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;
And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them,
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
  'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white:
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
  Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avaricc inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn:

For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
  Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
  Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
  Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed;
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress, Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!

Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
  Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
  Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.

Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lillyput.
  A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:

Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
  Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
  To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;
For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF *THE LEGION CLUB.* 1736.

[This poem was the last of any importance that the Dean ever composed. While engaged in retouching it, one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such intense violence, that he never recovered from the consequences. The occasion of the satire is thus stated by my learned friend Mr. Berwick: "In the year 1733, a peti-

tion was presented to the House of Commons by Dr. Swift, Dr. Archibald Stewart, John Grattan, Daniel Jackson, &c. in behalf of the clergy of Ireland, to be heard by counsel, on a clause in the heads of a bill to encourage the linen manufacture, &c. In the following year, 1734, an almost general resistance was made to the payment of the tithe of pasturage, called the tithe of agistment; at which period a most violent spirit prevailed, not among the peasantry, but the protestant landlords, to attack the income of the church. Unfortunately, however, for the clergy at that time, the persons principally, if not solely, affected by this species of tithe, were the best able to bear it, namely, the great graziers and protestant proprietors of land, who, as they possessed considerable influence, directly or indirectly, in the House of Commons, brought the question before themselves, as we may say, in that interested tribunal, on two different occasions; and, by raising false alarms, (one of which was, that the Protestant interest would be impaired by it) eventually succeeded in deterring the clergy from making, and the courts of law from entertaining, any demands for the tithe of pasturage, though the act of Henry VIII. for enforcing it was as clear and plain as that for corn and hay; and till the union in 1800, no legal legislative act was passed for its abolition. "The conduct of the landholders," says a spirited well-informed writer, "was then as reprehensible as that of the White Boys at a subsequent period; and it was that unjustifiable conduct which called forth Swift's indignation against the aiders and abettors of it, in the following poem."]

As I stroll the city oft I
See a building large and lofty,

Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.*
  Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies nest;
How might then our isle be blest!

* On a scrap of paper containing the memorials respecting the Dean's family, there occur the following lines, apparently the rough draught of the passage in the text:

"Making good that proverb odd,
Near the church and far from God,
Against the church direct is plac'd,
Like it both in head and waist."

For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
  Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
  Let Sir Tom,* that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;

* Sir Thomas Prendergast.

But, before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
  Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
  See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
  All ye gods who rule the soul!*
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
  Near the door an entrance gapes,†
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,‡
See the dreadful strides she takes!

* Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui. &c. Virg. Æn. VI. 264.

† Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci.
Luctus et ultrices, &c. Ibid. 273.

‡ —— —— Discordia demens
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis. Ibid. 281.

By this odious crew beset,*
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick†
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,‡
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.§
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

* Corripuit hic subita trepidus, &c.
———Strictamque secim venientibus offert.—Ibid. 290.

† Et ni docta comes tenues sine corpore, &c. Ibid. 291.

‡ Et centum geminus Briareus. Virg. Æn. VI. 287.

§ The Right Honourable Walter Carey. He was secretary to the Duke of Dorset when lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Duke of Dorset came to Ireland in 1731. In 1737 he was succeeded by the Duke of Devonshire. In Boulter's Letters there is one addressed to him from that primate.

Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell.
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop;
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell[illegible]r'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No: 'tis Waller.*
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp,†

* John Waller, Esq. member for the borough of Dongaile. He was grandson to Sir Hardress Waller, one of the regicide judges, and who concurred with them in passing sentence on Charles I. This Sir Hardress married the daughter and co-heir of John Dowdal of Limerick, in Ireland, by which alliance he became so connected with the country, that, after the rebellion was over, the family made it their residence.

† Rev. Roger Throp, whose death was said to have been occasioned by the persecution which he suffered from Waller. His case was published by his brother, and never answered, containing such a

Keeper show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,*
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,†
Half encompass'd by his kin:

scene of petty vexatious persecutions [illegible] almost incredible; the cause being the refusal of Mr. Throp to compound, for a compensation totally inadequate, some of the rights of his living which affected Waller's estate. In 1739 a petition was presented to the house of commons by his brother, Robert Throp, gentleman, complaining of this persecution, and applying [illegible] parliament for redress, relative to the number of attachments granted by the King's Bench, in favour of his deceased brother, and which could not be executed against the said Waller, on account of the privilege of parliament, &c. But this petition was rejected by the house, *nem. con.* The Dean seems to have employed his pen against Waller. See a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, Vol. XVIII. p. 435, 436.

* Richard Tighe, and Richard Bettesworth, Esquires, both sufficiently commemorated elsewhere. Bettesworth is termed the *player*, from his pompous enunciation. The epithet, Fitzbaker, alludes to Tighe's descent from a contractor who supplied Cromwell's army with bread. He is elsewhere called Pistorides.

† "Right Honourable Owen Wynne, county of Sligo.—Owen Wynne, Esq. borough of Sligo.—John Wynne, Esq. borough of Castlebar."

There observe the tribe of Bingham,*
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation,
For the court against the nation.
Those are Allens Jack and Bob,†
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer,
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sits Clements, Dilks, and Harrison‡

* "Sir John Bingham, Bart. county of Mayo.—His brother, Henry Bingham, sat in parliament for some time for Castlebar."

† John Allen represented the borough of Carysfort; Robert Allen the county of Wicklow. The former was son, and the latter brother to Joshua, the second Viscount Allen, hated and satirized by Swift, under the name of Traulus. The ancestor of the Allens, as has been elsewhere noticed, was an architect in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and was employed as such by many of the nobility, particularly Lord Howth. He settled in Ireland, and was afterwards consulted by Lord Stafford in some of his architectural plans.

‡ There were then two Clements in parliament, brothers, Nathaniel and Henry. The former was grandfather to the present Lord Leitrim, whose character as a patriot, a gentleman, and a scholar, ranks high in his native country.—Michael Ohrien Dilks represented the borough of Castlemartye. He was barrack-master general; William Harrison represented the borough of Bannow.

How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us, Morgan,* art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother;
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers?
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,

* Doctor Marcus Antony Morgan, sometimes mentioned in a friendly manner in Swift's correspondence about this period, represented the borough of Athy. He seems to have been bred to the church, yet was chairman to that committee to whom was referred the petition of the farmers, graziers, &c. against tithe agistment. On this petition the house reported, and agreed that it deserved the strongest support. At the same time, a motion was made and carried, that commencing suits on the above subject must impair the protestant interest.

They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!*
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art,
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of Fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for, I assure you,
You will need no *car' catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
  Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."

* See Hogarth's Works, 4to. Vol. I. p. 93.

Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!*

* Whilst Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and, after that period, very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was "The Beasts' Confession." (Vol. XIV. p. 291.) From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his melancholy increased, by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred.—D. S.

POEMS,

ADDRESSED TO

VANESSA AND STELLA.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.*

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

The shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,

* This is thought to be one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces. Its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill-conceived in itself, is told.—*Goldsmith.*

Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
  The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes:
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the faculties of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
  In a dull stream, which moving slow;
You hardly see the current flow;

If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
  The pleader having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;

Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
  But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
  There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day,
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there she kept her word:

But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
  Now, gentle Clio, sing, or say
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
  In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent,
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
  Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure:
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes;
Less modest that the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name,
"By which thou shalt be known to fame:
"Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
"Her name on earth shall not be told."
But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.

Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.
  Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand,
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.

But, lest he should neglect his studies,
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
  The Queen of Love was pleas'd and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
  For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in Heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold,)
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;

A project for your talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.
  The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom,
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
  First issued from perfumer's shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;

Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
  With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.

Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tapt their forehead in a jeer,
As who would say—She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St James,
Came early, out of pure good will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribands, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!

Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
  They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.
  Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.

I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
  Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good!
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
  Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making other's wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:

Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux;
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
  The Queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
  Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost;

He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among these venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
  Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
  Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:

Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.

Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teaz'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd:
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age:
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde;*
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,

Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
  Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.

His thought had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong:
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd,
By magic spells, the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.—
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.

But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His doctrines when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd,)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,

How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit:
While every passion of her mind
In him is cent'red and confin'd.
  Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind;
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
  Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion he had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.

Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
  While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,

He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet,
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;

Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace:
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
  But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly shewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at Lord knows what expence
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.

She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.

"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."

The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

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*TO LOVE.**

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.

* Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.—H.

Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him, how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
  O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That every nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1719-20.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.

What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin,
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd;
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expence;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;

Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA;

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS.

1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,

Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
  A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking soles;
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe, would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;

The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
  True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
  Now, should my praises owe their truth,
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensur'd an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
  So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride
I'll here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd by the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time has open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind:
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion, with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possest
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA.

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
  But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
  Those numerous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
  But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake:
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet;

Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
  Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
  Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!

Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes our's to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
  How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!

When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
  Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dear by far your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721–2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise,
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung.
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724–5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.

Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
  Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me;
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
  But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits, with his scythe, to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;

That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1726–7.

This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;

From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
  Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;

The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends,
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends?
Take pity on your pitying friends!

Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

END OF VOL. XVIII.